

COLCHESTER RECALLED

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Welcome to issue No.28 of
COLCHESTER RECALLED.

Again, some interesting
articles have been supplied and
it is hoped that you will enjoy
reading them.

We are always delighted to
receive your articles, letters and
photographs. These should be
sent to Jim Robinson,
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or to The Editor,
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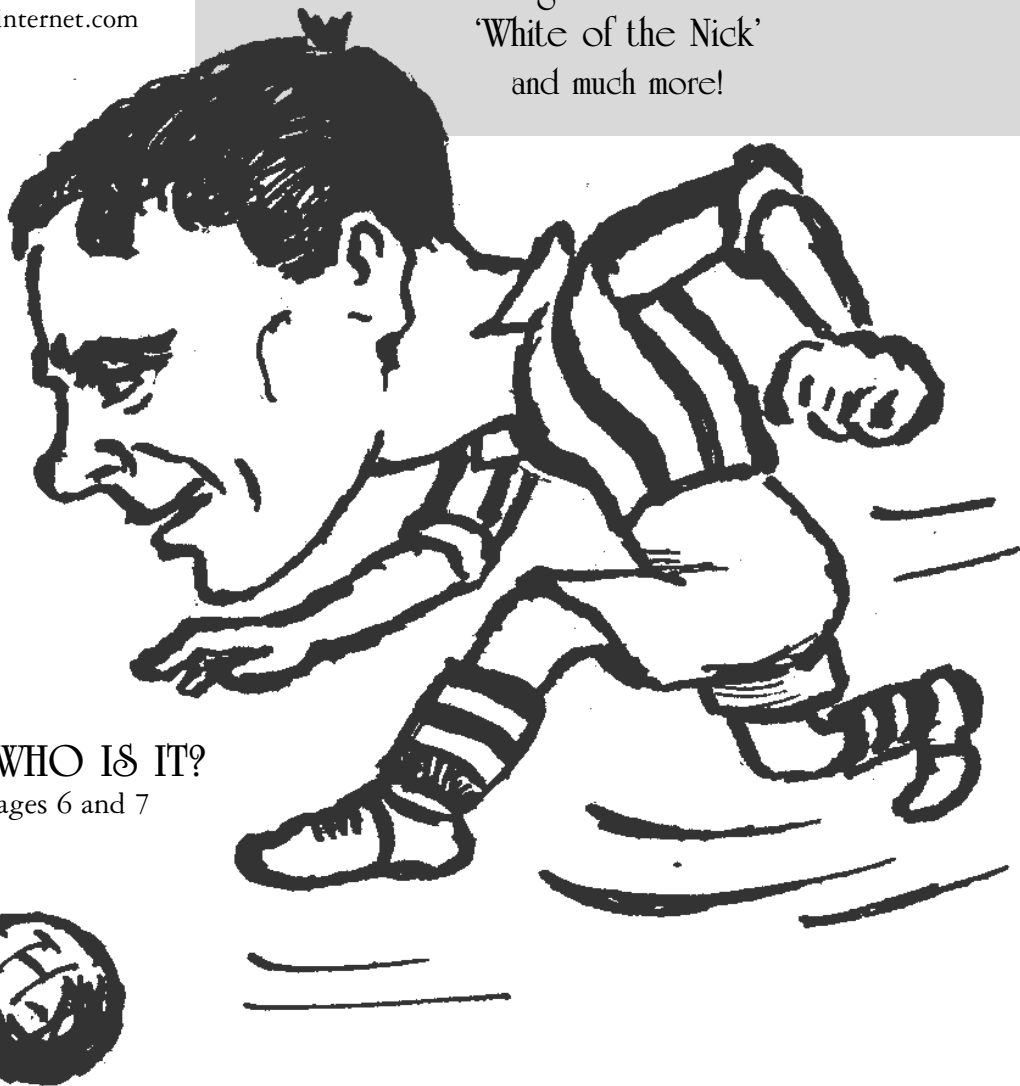
Those Lucky Victorian Colcestrians!

Remember Nobby?

Where On Earth Are These?

Who Do You Think They Are?

Eight Years of
'White of the Nick'
and much more!



...BUT WHO IS IT?

See pages 6 and 7



The poster above is one of Peter Evans collection, advertising one of the regular weekly entertainments offered by The Playhouse in St John's Street.

This one is dated 19th June 1950, clearly showing that later favourites Morecambe and Wise were only starting out on their career as a double act, while the Morton Fraser Harmonica Gang and Wilson Keppel and Betty were already big star attractions.

Other stars that appeared at The Playhouse during that time were Billy Cotton and his band, Arthur English, David Whitfield, Peter Brough and Archie Andrews, Vic Oliver, Dorothy Squires, Bernard Miles, Percy Edwards, Douglas Cardew Robinson, Alma Cogan, Phyllis Dixey, Bud Flanagan and Ella Shields and many, many others.

I have received a telephone call from Mr James Watt, who is trying to contact Jean Wheeler, who wrote an article about her memories of her schoolteachers around the time of the Second World War. It was featured in issue number 12, which is sometime before my involvement. I understand they played the violin together in an orchestra some years ago and her father ran a butcher's shop in Kendall Road.

If Jean would like to get in touch I would gladly give her Mr Watt's telephone number.

However, since receiving the phone call, my database has been lost, so I would also ask Mr Watt to contact me again with his telephone number. Sorry about that!

Editor



The Colchester Recalled Oral History Society was set up in 1988 to record for future generations the memories of the people of Colchester and the surrounding area.

The Archive Group meets daily at the Museum Resource Centre, 14 Ryegate Road to access and index all new tapes. Computer literate volunteers are needed to help with this work.

You are most welcome to join us.

The Annual Subscription is £7 per person or £12 for a couple. Please see inside back cover for details.

THE APPRENTICE

I looked with interest at the photograph of Reeman and Dansie's sale room which appeared in a recent edition of *Colchester Recalled*. I was very surprised to see myself standing to the left of the auctioneer's rostrum. It brought back many memories.

I worked at Reemans for three years after leaving C.R.G.S. and before National Service in the R.A.F. Len Drinkell was my line manager and I did not make life easy for him. I was a cocky young lad with a teddy boy quaff and a large chip on my shoulder. I knew it all. He never called me by my first name but neither did anyone else on the staff.

The photograph shows Stan, a sale room porter holding a vase. One day an imperious woman, generously built and wearing a fur coat, shouted to him, "Hey you there, come here!" Stan turned his head and very calmly replied, "Are you speaking to me or are you calling your dog?" She reported him for insolence to Mr Bloomfield, a partner, who ordered him to apologise. Stan refused and said bluntly that if anyone was rude to him, then he would be rude to them. I was full of admiration for him for the way he stood his ground – perhaps I saw something of myself in him...?

Mr Dansie took a fatherly interest in me and sometimes took me with him when showing clients over a property.

We were in a house in Aldham with a couple who were keen to make a purchase. Mr Dansie told me to measure the square footage of the lounge. I went and stood in the room, I had no idea what to do. Mr Dansie asked me for the measurement. I had to confess that I did not know how to make the calculation. He covered for me and took the measurement himself. Back in the office he said he was shocked by my lack of knowledge. I kept quiet. I didn't tell him that I'd got the lowest possible mark in G.C.E. Maths. On a scale of one to nine with one being the highest, I'd got a nine!

One morning, Mr Dansie came into reception and I handed him his newspaper. He refused to take it. He made me follow him up the stairs to his office, fold the paper in half and place it on his desk with the headlines uppermost. He was teaching me a lesson, but I didn't realize it at the time. Indignantly, I asked Len Drinkell why he made me do that. His answer was blunt and to the point, "Because he's the boss". He did not say anymore, he didn't have to. In R.A.F. parlance it was "Wilco, message received and understood, over and out".

During National Service, when ordered by someone in authority (and that was nearly everybody!) to do something which I thought was unreasonable, I remembered Len Drinkell's words and Mr

Dansie's newspaper. It was a good lesson.

In those days there were no posts rammed into the front garden of a house advertising the agency who had the property on their books. A little notice was put discreetly in the window giving the information required. There could be a number of them vying for attention. My job was to cycle round, placing Reeman's advertisements in a prominent position. I wasn't supposed to remove any others that were there, but I did leaving Reeman's the sole agent.!

We used to operate a 'wants' register. Anybody who was searching for a specific type of property had their requests registered. They were asked politely that if they did not need to remain on the list, would they let us know. One day a lady came into reception. She said rather excitedly, "I've settled on a house". I asked her for her name. She replied, "Mrs Bird".

My role on sale days was to sit next to the auctioneer and record the bids. If the auctioneer sold the lots quickly I got behind. When asked who bought Lot 203, I could not tell him. I'd lost the plot! And the Lot!

I can't say that working at Reemans was a success for me. I made too many mistakes. I was a teenager in a staid and

professional office and I didn't fit in. It was, however, a great experience. I did nothing for the firm but the firm did a lot for me. I learnt how to communicate with people (the good, the bad and the ugly) and how to make and receive telephone calls with confidence. It was at Reemans that I acquired a real appreciation of all things antique which is still with me today.

I have one regret. I yearned to sit on the rostrum and sell a few lots. It never happened, but why shouldn't it? I was the office boy, the char wallah, the bottom of the heap.

Auctioneering is not just wielding a gavel. It requires a quick mind, a good line in patter and the skill to get as much money for a lot as possible. This all takes years of experience.

Like father like son is an oft quoted expression. In my case, it should be like father like sons. One has a real interest in antiques and collects clocks. The other is a volunteer auctioneer for charity sales in Pasadena, Los Angeles.

It's a funny old world!

Roy Waters

ANGEL COURT MEMORIES

Many readers will have seen that Angel Court in High Street has finally closed to the public as a Customer Service Centre with staff moving to the library.

I remember it opening almost 30 years ago. Like many new buildings it had idealistic designs but snags. I remember that the Chief Cashier was concerned about Health and Safety for her 'girls'. She was worried that the atrium, which had 2 layers of glass between the sun and her team might suffer. She was assured it had all been taken into account. Come the afternoon of the first working day, the cashiers were close to being overcome by the sun and out of operation. A lining was quickly painted on to the glass and a barrier was created to make working possible.

One feature of the atrium was a wonderful view of the

Town Hall tower. Another was a second floor above the public area with a ledge, that gave a view over the customer area below. There were geraniums and other plants placed on top to make the area green and pleasant. It did not strike me at the time but very soon after it opened it became clear that this was not a good idea.

Plants have petals and they fall off. It was soon like Poppy day as petals fell on to the customers below. Watering was a bit of a problem too. The plants were soon removed. Once some air conditioning was installed, it was a quite an effective building afterwards.

Peter Evans



Photo: Roy Anderson

COLCHESTER OPERATIC SOCIETY IN 1949

The Colchester Operatic Society productions were for many years were at the Playhouse Theatre in St John's Street, and has inspired this article from one of our readers.

I joined the society soon after leaving the Girls High School. The shows were extremely popular and were the highlight of the 'social season' providing a little glamour after the war, although rationing was still in place.

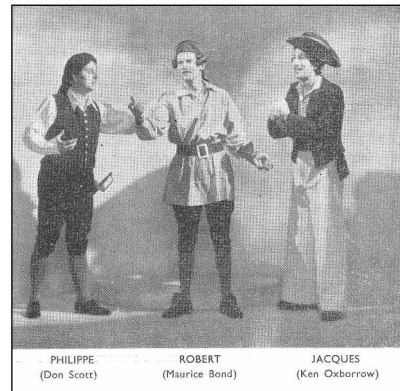
Before the war Gilbert & Sullivan operas were performed and in 1949 a very youthful Charles Mackerass arrived from the antipodes to conduct *New Moon* by Sigmund Romberg. In 1950 Leo Quayle conducted *The Desert Song* (also Romberg) and in 1951 Marcus Dodds

joined Charles Mackerass for *The Student Prince*. All three young men were very pleasant and on the way up, having permission to perform from Sadler's Wells.

I have not got all the programmes from that period but Marcus was back in 1959 to conduct the *The Merry Widow*.

These well illustrated programmes are a delight to read with their photos of people, places, shops, names and businesses – most of them gone! And of course, fashion. They were all produced by local architect Horace Pearce.

Featured are pages from the 1949 programme for *New Moon*

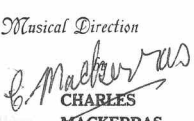


and an advert for Luckings. Information from the 1950's programmes show that the same conductors, in different combinations, were present throughout.

Where the society performed prior to using the Playhouse in 1934 is not known. If you know, please get in contact.

Sheila Scott

1949

Musical Direction

CHARLES MACKERRAS
 (appearing by permission of the Governors of Sadler's Wells)

Hon. Accompanist: MARGE RICHARDS

Chorus Mistress: GRACE BALL

CHORUS OF COURT LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TAVERN GIRLS, SAILORS, AND PIRATES

DORA ASHERWOOD	JESSIE EADIE	MARY LAMBERT	MURIEL PEARCE
IRIS BAREHAM	ALMA FITT	JULIA LAWS	BERYL PRESTIDGE
EDITH BARRETT	MOLLY GOLDSMITH	CHRISTINE MARSHALL	GLADYS ROGERS
SYBIL BAYLESS	EILEEN GRAY	EVELYN MASON	HEATHER RUSH
BETTY BRIDGE	HILDA HAWKINS	ISABELLA MELVILLE	EDWINA SHELTON
HILDA COWLEY	JOAN JENKINS	DOROTHY MORTLOCK	PAULA WORMELL
SHEILA COLEMAN	BOB JONES	EVA PALMER	ISABEL WRIGHT
JOHN BONNER	BOB GRAY	ALBERT MORISON	DAVID SNOW
TONY BRETtingham	TONY JAGGARD	CYRIL MICHOLSON	JOHN SPARKES
FRED COLE	JOHN JENKINS	ROBERT PEARCE	ERIC STANNARD
HUGH EVANS	JOHN KELLIT	BOB POWELL	EWALD SMYKALA
HAROLD FIELDEN	JOHN LLOYD	FRED RICHARDS	JOHN WENT
JACK FIELDEN	GORDON LUMB	RON SCHAFFLE	DON WILLIAMS
DOUGLAS GENTRY	JACK MADDOX	DANCERS	
BETTY BROWN	VIOLA GOODWIN	BARBARA LONG	BRONWEN MARSHALL
ANN DYE	BARBARA GRIMSEY	JUNE LORD	GAY MARSHALL
BERYL ENGLISH	DAPHNE HARPER	VERA LORD	ADISON NEALE

Wormessa

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 ST. BOTOLPH'S STREET & HEADGATE CORNER
COLCHESTER

Tenonly-four

'THE TECH' - ITS TEACHERS AND THEIR NICKNAMES

This is written response to the article written by Eddie Ross in issue 24, whom I did not meet as I attended as a pupil 1956-61.

The school was at the top of North Hill and was originally called the North East Essex County Technical School or N.E.E.C.T.S. Being born in 1945, I was one of the 'baby boomers', the sudden flood of pupils born at the end of WW2. The top floor of the building was occupied by the Art College, the front half of the remaining floors by the Tech School (for boys) and the rear half of the school was the High School for Girls. There were other various buildings dotted around the site – prefabs on the upper playground and woodwork and metal work huts halfway down the hill. There were new classrooms, kitchens at the bottom and also an old wooden bungalow used for art classes. However, because of the cramped conditions on site, other local buildings were pressed into service: St Peters Church Hall and most notably a redundant public house at the end of the drive - the COCK & PIE, but was renamed by the lads as the P...K AND PASTIE!

Eventually, of course, certain sections of the schools were moved to new premises to help remove pressure on the buildings. The Art College moved to Sheepen Road and the Girls High School to Norman Way in Lexden.

There was absolutely no malice in the nicknames – it was just for fun!



Mr Sprason's was 'Sprunty'. Where it came from, I don't know, but certainly nobody had the courage to call him that in earshot!



Miss Twyman was known by the lads as 'Twanger', something to do with knicker elastic? She was really a great delight and could not do enough for the pupils and was very popular.



Mick Rouse was known as 'Tugboat' – a stout little ex-Navy P.T.I. While puffing away on his pipe, he would ride up the drive on his bike (pupils had to dismount and walk). Tugboat, who taught P.E., was fond of sending boys on cross-country runs. These were across the Hilly Fields via Sheepen Road and culminating in a run up North Hill. He waited at the end of the drive to check your spine for perspiration, to see if you had been running hard enough! However a few drops of water from the horse trough at the cattle market in Middleborough did the trick!



Mr Brooks was known as 'Skoorby', nobody could think of a better name. He taught Chemistry and was a

heavy smoker. He would disappear into the prep room for a quick puff. This was when the squirting of the distilled water took place, with the aim of filling the moulded stool of somebody who would then have wet trousers for the rest of the day – great fun!

Mr Vaux, known as 'The Colonel' was an ex-army engineer who taught mathematics. He was somewhat naive in the ways of young boys and could easily be distracted away from a test by a question: 'Sir, how do you work out the heights of the pyramids?' This was usually followed by a detailed explanation, which took up the rest of the lesson.



Miss Nossen, know as 'Fanny', was a very large Teutonic lady who taught French, German and music. She was a violin player and believed that first year boys were there to be her personal porter and shouted 'Boy, you carry my violin and do not drop it'. Everybody ducked when she was about!



Norman Curd was known as 'Chin-up'. I have no idea why, but he left the school due to ill health. He taught technical drawing and was only one of two teachers to give me detention. At the end of a double period, he drew a complicated drawing on the board. During break time I rubbed off the drawing

and drew a line round the edge of the board and then wrote 'Watch this space'. However, I was caught and made to do 'cubes'. This is multiplying a five-figure number by itself and then by itself again - by longhand - no calculators in those days. Get it wrong and you had to do it all again.



'Brother' Calam was brought in to help after Norman Curd had retired.

This older and somewhat wicked man was an ex-Benedictine monk who taught woodwork. He insisted on being called 'Brother'. A bit of a prankster, probably his most outrageous trick was to melt down hoof and horn wood glue and pour it into a tray approximately an inch deep. When it was cold he would break it up into a paper bag and offer it to boys as toffee. He then chortled at their discomfort, but they were never brave enough to complain. He only lasted one year.



Mr Nunn, known as 'Putt', taught metalwork, a talented engineer.

He gained his nickname by riding a small motorcycle. He was well connected with local engineering firms, i.e. Paxmans and Colchester Lathe & Co, and managed to get them to donate obsolete or surplus machines to the school. His pride and joy was a powered hacksaw. As with all lathes etc it had no safety guards (health and safety law only came in after the war). However, his teaching meant

that there were no accidents.



Miss Moules, known as 'Minnie', was diminutive in stature. She was an English and French teacher. She seemed to lack confidence and seemed to be somewhat intimidated by the pupils.



Mr Anderson - 'Andy', rode an ancient ladies bike with a wicker

handlebar basket, containing his files. He would ride up the drive, madly ringing his bell and demanding that all pupils got out of his way!

Mervyn Jones, no nickname for him but he did have character. He was the last teacher to wear an academic gown; the one, with the full draped sleeves. He had been known to throw black board rubbers at pupils but after this was banned, he adopted a new strategy. He sewed a couple of ounces of sand into the bottom of the sleeve in his gown - while walking round his classroom, a 'victim' would duck his head as the hand came round but as he came up again, the flowing sleeve, some two feet behind the hand, would smack him in the ear!

Ken Howells and Roy Butcher were two more masters



that I remember, but was never taught by either. The one I do remember, but cannot name, was a recently qualified

male teacher. As with all new teachers you 'push' them to see how far you can go! Of course, you cross the line and pay the price. This was my second detention, which applied to all of the class. We were instructed to take '25 lines', easy peasy we thought, with 5 pens in each hand, 'I must not talk in class'. No such luck. 'Take this down,' he said, 'Failure to pay due regard to warnings repeatedly given, brings in its trail dire consequences which could well have been avoided by the exercise of a little self restraint'. After 55 years I have still not forgotten that!

To be fair, many of the teachers came out of the war traumatised and pressed into teaching, poorly trained, but pleased to do their best to help the 'baby boomers'. I was taught by some great characters and made some great friends - I do not regret a single minute.

*Alan R Taylor
with additional information
from his older brother Leon, who
also attended the N.E.E.C.T.S.*

The photographs have been taken from the Editor's 1954 school photo, that was about 6ins deep x 2ft long! He remembers that Mr Howell's nickname was 'Beaky' as his initials were BK, and that Mr Rouse was always 'Mick' never 'Tugboat' and he never knew him to smoke a pipe. Sadly, Mr Curd's nickname was as a result of a World War injury whose retirement was bought about by his being allergic to sunlight and 'Brother' Calam - a much liked member of staff with none of the unpleasant habits that Alan Taylor mentions.

A POLICEMAN'S LOT...

Here are three items relating to animals from the Police Files of some years ago.

In the early days of the Colchester Zoo way out on the Maldon Road, animal escapes were not unknown.

Around pub closing time one evening a man emerged from the Leather Bottle Public House on Shrub End Road and saw what he took to be a kangaroo bouncing along towards the town. He ran to the nearby telephone box and reported the sighting to the police, stating that he had been drinking in the Leather Bottle but was certainly not drunk and that the kangaroo was well on its way towards the town. He added that the animal seemed to know where it was going.

Police searched the area and enquired at the zoo if they were one short in the kangaroo enclosure. It transpired that it was a wallaby that had absconded and to my knowledge was never found. What happened to it remains a mystery. I was told that there is a small population of wild

wallabies in the countryside so perhaps the zoo escapee joined them.

On another occasion a porcupine escaped and was seen and eventually cornered by officers in the front garden of a house in Maldon Road. They used wooden boards or planks to contain the creature being very wary of the huge sharp quills on its back. It was returned to the zoo.

An incident that I was personally involved in some years later occurred in the early hours of a warm summer night. Going home time at 2am. was very close and after a busy night my co driver and myself were looking forward to our beds. We then received a radio message that a LION had been seen on the grass verge beside the Ipswich bound carriageway on the A.12 at Marks Tey.

Now Police Traffic Cars carry all sorts of equipment for dealing with any number of situations. Escaped lions are not one of them. Driving with a very apprehensive partner by my side, we approached the area where a passing lorry driver had reported seeing the

lion in the long grass close to the road edge. Traffic was light and by using the roof lights fitted to our car we slowly scanned the verge. Suddenly a huge yellow and brown shape emerged from the long grass. I felt the hair on the back of my neck stand on end and my partner said something like 'Oh goodness me'. As the shape came into focus we saw that it was an enormous dog. Probably the biggest we'd ever seen. It was injured and unable to walk properly. Were we relieved?? Fortunately, it was a friendly animal and we were able to keep it from getting onto the roadway.

Enquiries revealed that a large dog had been reported missing from a house on the Halstead Road near Eight Ash Green and also that a car driver had reported colliding with a large dog on the A12 some hours earlier. The dog had damaged the man's car but had made off in the darkness. With the dog's colour its giant size and the long grass it was easy to understand the lorry driver thinking it was a lion. For one terrible second so did I.

David Austin

REMEMBER NOBBY?

Colchester Recalled member, Michael Buse, has acquired several original cartoons of Colchester United matches and other sporting events held in the

town, which he has lent to us and given permission for their reproduction.

They were drawn in the late 1940s and early 1950s by

'Nobby' and appeared every week in the COLCHESTER GAZETTE, published then on Tuesdays. It is believed that Nobby worked at Paxmans and over the course of the next few



issues they will be appearing in this magazine.

It is not known who the player was who is featured on the front cover of this issue. Perhaps it was Joe Gallego who played on the left wing, mainly

for the Us' reserves at the time, (he is drawn as being left footed), but perhaps you know better. If you do, please let us know who he is. (Fred Cutting or 'Digger Kettle' perhaps?)

Certainly the majority of the

cartoons that Michael has lent to us are from the 1949-1955 period, when gates at Layer Road were often in the 10-12,000 region for 1st team games and 3-4,000 for Reserve team games. Hopefully, they will revive happy memories!

EAST WARD SCHOOL REVISITED

I viewed my first day at East Ward School with some apprehension. However, I soon settled in to the new regime, on leaving Parsons Heath Junior and going from class to class for some unfamiliar subjects.

For example, I now had Mr Ward for maths, Mr Morris for art and pottery, Mr Spool for metalwork, Mr Howard for wood work, Mr Jones for geography, Miss Nickleson for Music, Mr Lomas for English Literature, Mrs Hogg was my form teacher and Mr Searle was the headmaster.

I soon found that discipline was quite severe which would probably not be allowed today. A ruler across the knuckles was the least painful. I also recall having the slipper on at least two occasions, one resulting in a cloud of dust almost choking the teacher. I also received a caning across both hands, which left me with blood blisters preventing me from holding a pen or pencil for a week. Embarrassingly for me, my mother complained, but got an apology of sorts.

Football took place on a field adjoining St Andrews Avenue, now the site of Waitrose and a housing estate. Metalwork held little interest for me and all I made was a coathanger! I was much more interested to see if I could produce half crowns - which would have enabled me to purchase 20 Senior Service cigarettes from a nearby



vending machine. I did not succeed - if I had I would probably have a criminal record hanging around my neck!

I left school just before my 15th birthday, leaving some good friends behind, most of whom I have been unable to contact. The exception being Alan Bowes from Wivenhoe, who I met 5 years ago after some 50 years. He and his wife now live in Atlanta in Georgia, USA. I was never able to say goodbye to neither my teachers nor class mates as my parents took me on holiday during my last week at the school.

A few years ago East Ward was scheduled for demolition. Fortunately, I was granted permission to have a last look round and I found these photographs in some rubble.

The gentleman in the main photograph is Mr Searle, but I have no idea who the pupils



The school's entries in the local Road Safety Poster Competition held annually in those days

are. If anyone recognises themselves or know who they are I would love to meet them. Sadly, the school built in 1908, no longer exists as in its place is a care home called Colonia Court.

The pupils were taught gardening and there was a thriving bee-keeping club. However, I wish they had taught the boys domestic science as this would have been very useful today.

B Cutbbert



THOSE LUCKY VICTORIAN COLCESTRIANS!

The illustration above is a printed card owned by Peter Evans and features a Banquet held in 1886, to celebrate the re-opening of The Cups Hotel in High Street, following rebuilding.

I wonder how many of us nearly 130 years later, would welcome a Banquet in that lovely old building which was so unreasonably and hurriedly redeveloped in the 1970s?

The building was a gem, the like of which could never be replaced. Its guests included a

virtual Who's Who, including stars of stage and screen who at various times performed in the town, county and international cricketers while playing in matches at Castle Park or on the Garrison ground.

With a wonderful lounge on the ground floor and many comfortable bedrooms, it was the leading hotel in its day. Next door was The Corn Exchange, with its ample facilities for all sorts of events and up to the 1960s it was used for ballroom dancing and wrestling on alternate Tuesday

evenings. Among the dance bands appearing there were Geraldo, Cyril Stapleton, Joe Loss, Sid Phillips, Jack Parnell, Johnny Dankworth with Cleo Laine, Chris Barber and Kenny Baker - a truly wonderful collection of the top musicians.

The wrestlers included Bernard Coward, Big Daddy, 'Dropkick' Johnny Peters, Bearded Man Mountain and many, many others.

If you have memories of The Cups Hotel, please send them.

The Editor

REMEMBERING MY FATHER - E. T. CARLO

The life experiences of my father, E T Carlo, are typical of many working class males of his generation – and times were often hard, although I seldom heard him complain, as expectations were also much lower than is the case today.

Born only two years after Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee and less than two months before the dawn of the new century, he went on to live under four kings and to witness twenty years of the reign of his second queen.

He was the youngest son in a family of 13 children born to Sarah Amelia (April 1863 to January 1932), wife of Henry William Carlo (January 1861 to March 1947). However, not one of the five boys born immediately preceding my father, between 1894 and 1898, had reached his first birthday and another son, Gurdon, died of meningitis at the age of twelve only a few weeks after my father was born. However, having survived those dangerous early years, all the remaining sons (Gus, Charles, former landlord of THE SWAN at the Hythe, Victor, Alec and my father) and one of the two daughters, Doris, lived beyond their seventieth birthday!

Although my grandfather owned two of the most common family names (the other being Samuel), he decided to branch out to new pastures with the first born being

named Augustus Montague and my father being burdened with Evelyn Theophilus. When it came to my turn, my parents insisted that I be Harry, 'after my grandfather', despite the parson's claim that this was only a diminutive. Later research shows that, as recorded above, my grandfather was, indeed, Henry, perhaps proving that parsons tell the truth! One of my mother's sisters was so disapproving that I had to sign my Christmas thank you letters with my middle name, John, if I was to be rewarded the next year! I have my grandfather's impressive certificate recording his fifty years (1895-1945) membership of the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers.

My father was awarded a Borough of Colchester Education Committee medal with two bars for three years perfect attendance, 1909-1911, and then entered an apprenticeship for training as an engineering fitter. This was



interrupted by him being shipped as a soldier to France. Fortunately, on hearing this news the German generals threw in the towel and he was able to finish his engineering training. However, he was unable to put his skills to use until the 1950s and, like many of his contemporaries, spent many years of unemployment punctuated with some temporary work. I remember him describing how he worked, loading planks on to ships at the Hythe until his shoulders were bleeding. Poignantly, he occupied his time cycling around local villages taking photographs of war memorials. He was a keen sportsman. Latterly bowls but originally soccer and cycling. I have a very warm and moving letter he received in 1918 from his eldest brother, Gus, who had been sent to war work in a factory in Carlisle, offering him the gift of 'my best bike' which 'mother was telling me how you used to take care of it for me and how you admired it and said you often wished it was yours'. Father became Captain of the Colchester Rovers Cycling Club and was awarded a number of medals for his record breaking rides including 25 miles in under an hour, no mean feat with the primitive technology of the day.

He eventually found regular work as a sawyer at Groom and Daniels, then located at the town end of Military Road but when another war loomed he joined the AFS and then the

National Fire Service, where he qualified as Leading Fireman (see photo). He saw service in such hotspots as Norwich and Tilbury docks and was for a time billeted in Tilbury while our small house played host, first to soldiers, one of whom, Taffy, was killed at Dunkirk and, later, to other firemen. Early in the war, my mother (Constance Florence) and I, then aged five, were evacuated by train with other local children to the Midlands. We spent the first night on the floor of a hall in Wellingborough before being settled with a family in

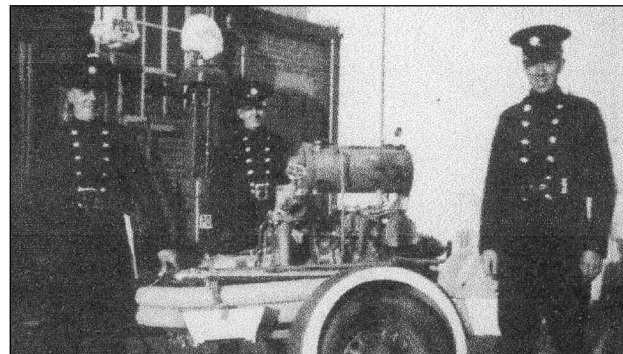


ABOVE RIGHT: *E.T. Carlo during his brief military career in 1918.*

ABOVE FAR RIGHT: *E.T. Carlo in his National Fire Service Uniform in World War II, with a youthful Harry.*

RIGHT: *Leading Fireman Carlo and colleagues with their high tech equipment.*

BELOW: *Certificate awarded to E.T. Carlo on his promotion to Leading Fireman.*



APPENDIX 11

NOTIFICATION OF CONFIRMATION OF
APPOINTMENT OR PROMOTION

To: 152614 Leading Fireman E.T. Carlo,
Colchester.

With reference to your appointment
~~promotion~~

to the rank of Leading Fireman in the
National Fire Service, I am directed to inform you
that your appointment to this rank has been confirmed.
~~promotion~~

Signature *W. Hood*

Date 22nd May, 1942.

G.917E.

Higham Ferrers. We stayed only ten weeks, discouraged by the incident when three Lexden juniors were killed by a bomb in nearby Rushden. We had a formidable metal shelter in our front room but, despite frequent sirens in the night, it seemed not to be used very regularly.

Towards the end of the war, I can clearly recall watching a doodlebug (V1) making its way at low level along Harsnett Road and also, from our garden, watching the conflagration when the St Botolphs area was hit. At that time, my father's duties included fire watch from the small room at the top of the Town Hall tower, which, as I found, is a quite scary climb even in peacetime! After such experiences, five years after the war my father had to leave the NFS on the ridiculous and disgraceful grounds that he was half an inch below the new regulation height!

Amazingly, his thirty year

old fitter skills enabled him to start a new career at Paxman's Britannia works (which are now recorded by a memorial at Colchester Town station) and he and my mother became very active and popular members of Paxmans Social Club.

A closing note about the family surname, which is of Huguenot origin. Many Huguenots settled in Colchester after their expulsion from France, many living in the, so called, Dutch quarter and bringing new skills and prosperity to the town.

My earliest record is of Spring Carlo born 1708. Two marriages took place, both in St Runwald's Church which stood where the High Street now widens just east of the Town Hall. The first marriage, to Elizabeth Agis took place in 1743 and the second, to Mary Isaacs, in 1758. There were no children and there is a gap in my records between Spring Carlo and the first family

member who is a definite direct ancestor, (my great, great, great, great grandfather] Jonathan (1772 -1817), married to Elizabeth Fairs (1774-1829). He and son, William, lived around Groton and Boxford but his grandson (my great, great grandfather), also William, moved to Colchester to work as a foreman in the New Town development so influencing my grandfather to follow the same trade.

Harry Carlo

OUR NEXT ISSUE

Please look out for issue No.29 due for publication in 2015. Letters should be addressed to Peter Constable Colchester Recalled 12 Claremont Heights, Colchester CO1 1ZU Email: design.constables@btinternet.com

The fourth of Ray Allan's excellent postcards. This one, of course, is Colchester Castle which re-opened after major refurbishment earlier

in the year, following major investment by the Heritage Lottery Fund. It now features the latest technology and display equipment.

Members of The Friends of Colchester Museums enjoy the advantage of free admission until 31st December 2014.



WHERE ON EARTH ARE THESE?



Picture 1



Picture 2



Picture 3



Picture 4

Picture 5 below

Answers are available on the inside back cover



WHO DO YOU THINK THEY ARE?

The subject of our fourth article of this series in our previous issue featured Nora Drinkell, our Interview Archivist.

In this issue we feature another Committee member, but who is this mystery man?

His name will be revealed in the next Issue - Number 29.

What is your earliest memory?

Waking up in our cellar at Ilford during the London Blitz and seeing all the adults sitting round on chairs. This was before we got a Morrison Shelter where I slept for the rest of the war.

Give us an unusual School memory.

Seeing a pile of coke in the playground rise up as a result of blast when a doodlebug landed a bit close. Hustled into the shelter there were two boys there with bandages on – very exciting.

What brought you to Colchester?

I came to teach at the North East Essex Technical College (now Colchester Institute) in 1965 and remained there the rest of my career.



Our mystery man. But who is he?

What is your favourite place in Colchester?

The river valley from Spring Lane to Water Lane, including Charter Wood and the old Buntings Meadows. Still a wildlife haven.

What was the most scary event of your life?

Mm. Climbing without ropes in the USA Rockies was not a good idea.

What was the most Famous Event you attended?

Colchester 3 Leeds 2. Sitting dangerously on top of a wall with my then girlfriend, we could scarcely see the goal where 4 of the goals were scored! That just beats seeing England 4 West Germany 2 in 1966, followed by a celebration meal in the restaurant on top of the Post Office Tower.

THE EIGHT YEARS OF 'WHITE OF THE NICK'

My connection with Colchester started in 1947 when Dad, Ray White a Royal Marine Colour Sargeant, was posted to the newly created Military Corrective Training Centre at Berechurch Hall Camp, to take charge of Royal Marine prisoners. We were housed at

Le Cateau Barracks, Butt Road and I attended North Street Infants School in John Harper Street. I have memories of a teacher there sending pupils to the butcher's shop in North Station Road for half a pig's head for her dining table. She also had a size 13 gym shoe which she used to maintain

discipline. Sometime later I was transferred to St John's Green School.

I still have two of my school reports from this time, showing that in 1949 I was 35th out of a class of 37. By the time I left I had progressed to class 1c, was 12th out of 47 and awarded a

copy of ROBINSON CRUSOE for good progress. I still have the book and enjoy reading it. Teachers whose names I remember include Mr White, M Murray, T R J Howard and Leslie A Everest, the head master. In September 1951 having failed the 11 Plus I moved to Hamilton Road Secondary Modern.

The change of school coincided with our move to 11 Mareth Road, a new house in the married quarters built at the end of Layer Road. Like most boys I scrumped apples from time to time and was fined 5/- by the Borough Juvenile Court for doing so. Dad paid the fine. With all the building going on, there were always different cigarette packets lying around, enabling us boys to improve our collections. Another good place to search for these was at Layer Road football ground after home matches.

Dad cycled to Berechurch Hall camp every day. One day he found that someone had stolen his pedals. Apparently others had parts of their cycles stolen too, no doubt to repair their own bike. Dad maintained that he was fortunate not to have his saddle stolen otherwise it would have been quite painful!

He was always keen to help others and answered a call from Frank Woodfield of the Colchester Repertory Theatre, who required extras as Roman soldiers for one of the productions. Three others from

the MCTC also volunteered and I remember Dad returning home with make up on his legs!

While living in Mareth Road the Korean War broke out and I remember the Gloucesters joining the garrison. I also remember the sad noise of the Telegram boys delivering their news after the Battle of Imjim, in which the Gloucesters fought so bravely. Mrs Buxey, our neighbour was wife of Colour Sargeant Buxey and when a regimental photograph was produced I was asked along with others if I could recognise him. As a keen eyed 12 year old I was sure that I could, but like all the others, I failed as the gentleman had been killed.

We had a TV set, complete with the one and only channel. Watching in those days meant the curtains had to be drawn, with a small light above the set and when a car or motorbike went past without a fitted suppressor, reception was ruined by white horizontal lines flashing across the screen. At the time I seemed to have plenty of friends on a Saturday afternoons when there was a football match being shown!

I still have a couple of Hamilton Road School reports. One confirms that I was 1st in Algebra and 30th in Art. Boys I recall from that time are Billy Green who became a painter and decorator, Joe Kendrick who joined the RAF, Kenny Powell who worked at Cramphorns and John Measurers who also joined the RAF. Girls I recall are Zona

Wilkins, Heather Lamont and Pat Titherington. Teachers include Mr Dent the Headmaster who smoked a large pipe, Miss Pratt who taught English, Mrs Bell taught Art. I remember Miss Parker who ran a lunchtime club for bird watchers. She took us on a trip to Wrabness for an afternoon twitching and I am still a keen birdwatcher today! Miss Parker also taught Country Dancing and I formed a club which lasted 2 days called 'The Anti-Folk Dancing Club'. Most of the members were boys and we wore bottle tops obtained from the pub run by the father of Glendenning William Harris, with AFDC scratched on them.

The woodwork master was a Yorkshire man with a very strong accent who would criticise my sawing out of true, using his favourite expression "Thurs nut Square". He made brilliant model boats and I remember seeing one in a glass case at Alderman Blaxill School when on leave from the army in 1955/6. During the first two years, when I was 11 or 12, we had lessons called 'Hygiene, the study of the human body'. As the school was one of the few mixed schools in the area this subject was dropped when we reached 13 as our questions had answers which were thought unsuitable for the girls to hear!

When Dad had completed his 21 years' service he got a job as the Mess Steward at the No 2 Officers' Mess by St John's Green School, not the Officers' Club that was accessed

through the Abbey Gate, but the huge, impressive building on the opposite corner. One of the reasons Dad took the job was probably because a house went with it. So we moved to 28 St John's Green, next Abbey Gate, and it appears on many souvenir postcards. In fact, I think I appear on one - as a scruffy urchin!

As we were living in the centre of town I joined the Boys' Brigade which met in one of the town's churches. They formed a band and I was given a rather large tuba. But I failed to make any progress. I went on a summer camp with them to somewhere in Norfolk and was given cookhouse duty but failed to get the porridge to thicken! Anyway, I left some time later to join the Sea Cadets. We used to meet in Wilson Marriage School and later moved to Stockwell Street. The Sea Cadets did not go away to camp but held training courses at Royal Naval establishments. Among the ones I attended were MHS CEREWs at Weatherby in Yorkshire and while there climbed the tower of York Minster. I also attended a physical training course on HMS DIDO at Portsmouth. I slept in a hammock and had very sore muscles!

While working in the Officers' Mess Dad provided me with newspapers and I would smooth them out to pristine condition and take them to a fish monger in Queen Street, who paid me a penny a pound for them. My other 'earner' at the time was selling the eggs

from the hens in our garden that ran along the Officers' Mess wall. I had to supplement their diet of leftovers from the Mess with some feed, but I often wondered if the officers when eating their breakfast realised that they were part of my recycling scheme!

In 1953/4 Dad bought 2 Capel Road. I knew the house, as I passed it on my way to the sports field (now West End Sports Ground) when at Hamilton Road School. We also passed the Drury Farm Dairy milk bottling plant, the noise being a constant sound at our new house. Outside the house was a gas street lamp which was turned on and off each evening and morning by a man on his cycle with a long pole. I left school at Christmas 1954 to work at B L Kay & Co in Crouch Street, earning £2 per week, leaving in February to become a boy soldier on 2/6d (12.5p) a day.

Dad's friend, Charlie Caunter, a former colleague at the MCTC was now working for Davey Paxman. He convinced Dad that he would be better off working there, so in 1954 he joined Paxmans in the production administration department. While there he joined the Industrial Civil Defence team, which opened a new chapter in his life, joining the Essex Civil Defence Corps in 1958. He became a member of the Rescue Team for Colchester, becoming Section Officer in 1961, passing training courses including First Aid with the Red Cross and was

promoted to Platoon Rescue Officer in 1962. As both my sister and I had left home Mum and Dad downsized to 28 Balkerne Lane. While visiting I remember every night Dad had to go to Crowhurst Road to move the car from one side to the other depending on it being an odd or even date.

In 1964 Dad became a Civil Defence administrative assistant with Colchester Borough Council, the Corps being disbanded in 1968 when he was transferred to the Borough Surveyors' department. He always felt that the closure of the Civil Defence Corps was a wrong decision and with like minded people helped form the Voluntary Emergency Aid Association, becoming Chairman in 1971 but resigned due to ill health in 1973.

About this time the town centre was being redeveloped and the houses in Balkerne Lane were demolished, so Mum and Dad moved to 190 Harwich Road. In 1972 he was diagnosed with bowel cancer, yet never admitted to it to anyone and died in Myland Hospital in 1975. Mum moved to join me and my family in Shrewsbury in 1980 where I had finished my Army career in 1979 and she died in 1988.

I lived in Colchester for about eight years, but my accent is still recognisable. When I was first in the army, there were two 'Whites' and the RSM, to differentiate us, referred to me as 'White from the nick'. *Bob White*

OUR REMAINING LECTURES 2014-2015

NOVEMBER 13th

An Evening with Neil Langham and Beryl Cowan

NEIL is an expert on the lost world of rural Suffolk, its folklore and folk music.

BERYL is a singer and musician from that old tradition. This evening follows our successful 'Evening With...' the drummer Crissy Lee. Not to be missed!

DECEMBER 11th

Our usual Christmas event

with a picture quiz, video and refreshments.

JANUARY 15th 2015

The amazing history of 'Jumbo' the water tower

BRIAN LIGHT

Brian has devoted much time to Colchester's industrial heritage icon. An illustrated talk.

FEBRUARY 12th

Zeppelins and Colchester in World War 1

PETER JONES

An illustrated talk.

MARCH 12th

The dramatic story of Harwich in the First World War

DAVID WHITTLE

An illustrated talk.

APRIL 16th

Members Evening

Three more members give short talks on memorable events in their lives.

MAY 14th

The Rise of Modern Colchester 1940-1990

ANDREW PHILLIPS

An illustrated talk.

JUNE 18th

Annual General Meeting followed by Memories of the Last Days of Sailing Barges

JIM LAWRENCE

Another illustrated talk by the last of the bargemen.

Meetings are on Thursday evenings at 7pm. at the Colchester Institute, Sheepen Road, Room K357, Third Floor, Music Block, at the rear of the Campus.

All are welcome.

Admission is £1 per person per evening.

For further details please contact Andrew Phillips on 01206 546775.

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All telephone numbers except David Walton's have a 01206 prefix

Answers to 'Where On Earth Are These?' on page 13.

Picture 1 Window detail on former orphanage at the bottom of East Hill (No .55)

Picture 2 Part of oriel window on building in High Street (currently KFC Restaurant)

Picture 3 Reflection from entrance foyer window at Firstsite

Picture 4 Greek Gothic columns on building at No. 86 East Hill

Picture 5 Crouch Street outside the Bull Public House, looking towards Headgate Corner

Photographs for this article kindly supplied by Patrick Denney

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